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to ask the question, which ought to be asked repeatedly, and asked always, by a great country, whether war is in Christendom rational or possible. When we have come to the point that peace has burdens so intolerable that, as Lord Charles Beresford said, if the "wild spirits" prevail they will lead us to national bankruptcy — when peace has become a burden so intolerable that it is hardly less than war, it is time to put the question distinctly, whether war is rational or even possible in the Christendom of to-day. The question must force itself upon us, whether it is rational or even possible for Christendom to settle its international difficulties by the method of war. It was possible for uncivilized countries; it was possible in the childish condition of men long ago; it was possible when the methods of offense and defense were merely personal, and the sword and the lance and the spear, or, at most, the dart and the arrow, were the weapons that men could bring against men; but when the world is civilized in the sense that it has enormous scientific resources at its disposal, when it has trained intelligence that can use these powers for the destruction of human life, the question comes up again, and must be faced: Is it rational or even possible in the future for international relations to be settled by the method of war? It is not at all improbable that the facts which face us to-day signify that war has become impossible; that it involves, under modern conditions, the ruin of our civilization, and, indeed, the ruin of national life. The demand it makes upon us is intolerable, it cannot be borne: it is an engine that no nation can carry; and the wild dream of Mr. Well's terrible book, "The War of the Worlds," is realizing itself in the actuality of modern warfare, and the preparations for war, so that war becomes not only irrational, but impossible.

(Concluded next month.)

## Patriotism.

BY WILLIAM EVERETT.

Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard University at Commencement, 1900.

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Patriotism — love of country, devotion to the land that bore us — is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty, which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero: *Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinqui; sed omnes omnium caritates una patria complexa est.* "Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone." The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland"; and we are beginning to copy them, though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators whose heir he was had repeated again and again, have

been reëchoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

But to give life for their country is the least part of what men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession, to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men. Wealth that Cræsus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which Saint Francis never knew. Ease and luxury, refined company and cultivated employment, have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp; the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and, at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren which were to have been the old man's and the old woman's solace are freely sent forth in the cause of the country, which will send back nothing but a sword and cap to be hung on the wall, and never be worn by living man again.

Such are the sacrifices men have cheerfully made for the existence, the honor, the prosperity of their country. But perhaps the power of patriotism is shown more strongly in what it makes them do than in what it makes them give up. You know how many men have been, as it were, born again by the thought that they might illustrate the name and swell the force of their country, achieving what they never would have roused themselves to do for themselves alone. I do not mean the feats of military courage and strategy, which are generally talked of as the sum of patriotic endeavor. I recollect in our war being told by a very well-known soldier, who is now a very well-known civilian, that it was conceived for me or any other man to think that in time of war he could serve his country in any way but in the ranks. But, in fact, every art and every science has won triumphs under the stress of patriotism that it has hardly known in less enthusiastic days. The glow that runs through every line of Sophocles and Virgil, as they sung the glories of Athens and Rome, is reflected in the song of our own bards from Spenser and Shakespeare to this hour; the rush and sweep of Demosthenes and Cicero, dwelling on the triumphs and duties of their native lands, are only the harbingers of Burke and Webster on the like themes; the beauty into which Bramante and Angelo poured all their souls to adorn their beloved Florence was lavished under no other impulse than that which set all the science of France working to relieve her agriculture and manufactures from the pressure laid upon her by the strange vicissitudes of her revolution.

Not all this enthusiasm has succeeded: there have been patriotic blunders as well as patriotic triumphs; but still it stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glowed strongest in their hearts. It would seem as if all citizens poured their individual affections and devotions into one Superior Lake, from which they all burst into one Niagara of patriotism.

I am ashamed, however, to press such a commonplace proposition before this audience and in this place, where

the walls are as redolent of love of country as Faneuil Hall itself. The question is if philosophy, our chosen guide of life, has anything to say of this same love of country,—if she brings that under her rule, as she does so much else of life, supplementing, curtailing, correcting,—or whether patriotism may bid defiance to philosophy, claiming her submission as she claims the submission of every other human interest, and bidding her yield and be absorbed, or stand off and depart to her visionary Utopia, where the claims of practical duty and natural sentiment do not seek to follow her. For, indeed, we are told now that patriotism is not merely a generous and laudable emotion, but a paramount and overwhelming duty, to which everything else which men have called duties must give way. If a monarch, a statesman, a soldier, stands forth preëminent in exalting the name or spreading the bounds of his country, he is a patriot; and that is enough.

Such a leader may be as perjured and blasphemous as Frederic, or as brutal and stupid as his father; he may be as faithless and mean as Marlborough, or as dissolute and bloody as Julius Cæsar; he may trample on every right of independent nations and drive his countrymen to the shambles like Napoleon; he may be as corrupt as Walpole and as wayward as Chatham; he may be destitute of every spark of culture or may prostitute the gifts of the Muses to the basest ends; he may have, in short, all manner of vices, crimes or defects. But, if he is true to his country, if he is her faithful standard-bearer, if he strives to set and keep her high above her rivals, he is right, a worthy patriot. And if he seems lukewarm in her cause, if, however wise and good and accomplished he may be in all other relations, he fails to work with all his heart and soul to maintain her position among the nations, he must be stamped with failure, if not with curse.

For the plain citizen, who does not claim to be a leader in peace or war, the duty is still clearer. He must stand by his country, according to what those who have her destiny in their control decide is her proper course. In war or in peace, he is to have but one watchword. In peace, indeed, his patriotic duty will chiefly be shown by obeying existing laws, wherever they may strike, even as Socrates rejected all thought of evading the unjust, stupid, and malignant sentence that took his life. But it is not thought inconsistent with that true love of country to let one's opinions be known about those laws, and about the good of the country in general in time of peace. In a free land like ours every citizen is expected to be ready with voice and vote to do his part in correcting what is amiss, in protesting against bad laws, and, as far as he may, defeating bad men whom he believes to be seeking his country's ruin. Nay, a citizen of a free country who did not so criticise would be held to be derelict to that highest duty which free lands, differing from slavish despotisms, impose upon their sons.

But in time of war we are told that all this is changed. As soon as our country is arrayed against another under arms, every loyal son has nothing to do but to support her armies to victory. He may desire peace; but it must be "peace with honor," whatever that phrase of the greatest charlatan of modern times may mean. He must not question the justice or the expediency of the war: he must either fight himself or encourage others to fight. Criticism of the management of the war may be allow-

able: of the fact of the war, it is treason. And the word for the patriot is, "Our country, right or wrong."

Right here, then, as I conceive it, philosophy raises her warning finger before the passionate enthusiast, and says, "Hold!" in the name of higher thought, of deeper law, of more serious principle, to which every man here, every child of Harvard, every brother of this society, is bound to listen. Philosophy says, "Hold!" with the terror of the voice within, with the majesty of the voice from above, to Americans now; and, with the spirit of Socrates returning to earth, it bids them know what they mean by the words they use, or they may be crowning as a lofty emotion that which is only an unreasoning passion, and clothing with the robes of duty what is only a superstition. This love of country, this patriotic ardor of ours, must submit to have philosophy investigate her claims to rule above all other emotions, not in the interest of any less generous emotion, not to make men more sordid or selfish, but simply because there is a rule called Truth and a measure called Right, by which every human action is bound to be gauged,—because, though all gods and men and fiends should league all their forces, and link the golden chain to Olympus to draw its glory down to their purposes, they will only find themselves drawn upwards, subject to its unchanging laws, the weak members hanging in the air and the vile ones hurled down to Tartarus.

What is this country,—this mother country, this fatherland, that we are bidden to love and serve and stand by at any risk and sacrifice? Is it the soil? the land? the plains and mountains and rivers? the fields and forests and mines? No doubt there is inspiration from this very earth, from that part of the globe which our nation holds, and which we call our country. Poets and orators have dwelt again and again on the undying attractions of our land, no matter what it is like,—the Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy, and stern Spain, equally clutching on the hearts of their people with a resistless chain. But a land is nothing without the men. The very same countries whose scenery, tame or bold, charming or awful, has been the inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent savages, listless slaves, or sordid money-getters. Byron has told us this in lines which the men of his own time felt were instinct with creative genius, but which the taste of the day rejects for distorted thoughts in distorted verse:

"Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave!  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue, that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free,—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!

"'T were long to tell and sad to trace  
Each step from splendor to disgrace.  
Enough, no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul till from itself it fell!  
Yes: self-abasement paved a way  
To villain bonds and despot sway."

It is the nation, not the land, which makes the patriot. If the nation degenerate, the land becomes only a monument, not a dwelling. Let the nation rouse itself, and the country may be a palace and a temple once more.

But who are the men that make the nation? Are they the whole of the population or a part only? Are they one party only among the people, which is ready perhaps to regard the other party not as countrymen, but as aliens? Is the country the men who govern her and control her destinies,—the king, the nobles, the popular representatives, the delegates to whom power is transmitted when the people resign it? Once the king was the nation, with perhaps a few counselors: patriotism meant loyalty to the sovereign. Every man who on any pretext arrayed himself against the crown was a disloyal rebel, an unpatriotic traitor, until at length God for his own purposes saw fit to array Charles I against the people of England, when, after years of civil war, and twice as many years of hollow peace, and five times as many years when discussion was stifled or put aside, the world came to recognize that loyalty to one's king and love to one's country are as different in their nature as the light of a lamp and the light of the sun.

And yet, if a king understands the spirit and heart of his nation, he may lead it so truly in peace or in war that love of country shall be inseparable from devotion to the sovereign. Modern historians may load their pages as they please with revelations of the meanness, the falsehood, the waywardness of Queen Elizabeth; yet England believed in her and loved her, and if England rose from ruin to prosperity in her reign, it was because her people trusted her. In her day, as for two centuries before, Scotland, where three different races had been welded together by Bruce to produce the most patriotic of peoples, had scarcely a true national existence, certainly nothing that men could cling to with affection and pride, because kings and commons were alike the prey of a poor, proud, selfish nobility, who suffered nobody to rule, scarcely to live, but themselves, exempting themselves from the laws which they forced upon their country.

An American cries out at the idea of a limited aristocracy seeking to drag the force and affection of a nation of vassals, and calling that patriotism. Then what will he say to the patriotism of some of those lands which have made their national name ring through the world for the triumphs and the sacrifices of which it is the emblem? What was Sparta? What was Venice? What was Berne? What was Poland? Merely the fields where the most exclusive aristocracies won name and fame and wealth and territory only to sink their unrecognized subject citizens lower every year in the scale of true nationality. Not one of these identified the nation with the people. Or does an American insist on a democracy where the entire people's voice speaks through rulers of its choosing? Does he prefer the patriotism of Athens, where thirty thousand democrats kept up an interminable feud with ten thousand conservatives, one ever plunging the city into rash expeditions, the other, as soon as its wealth gave it the upper hand, disfranchising, exiling, killing the majority of the people, because it could hire stronger arms to crush superior numbers? What was the patriotism of the Italian cities when faction alternately banished faction, when Dante suffered no more than he would have inflicted had his side got the upper hand? What was the patriotism in either Greece or Italy which confined itself to its own city, and where city enjoyed far more fighting against city than ever thinking of union to save the common race from bondage? For years, for

centuries, for ages, the nations that would most eagerly repeat such sentiments as Cicero's about love of country never dreamed of using the word in any sense that a philosopher — nay, that a plain, truth-telling man — could not convict at once of meanness and contradiction.

But we of modern times look back with pity and contempt on those benighted ages who had not discovered the great arcanum of representative government, whereby a free nation chooses the men to whom it entrusts its concerns,—its presidents and its prime ministers, its parliaments and congresses and courts. Yet even this mighty discovery, whereby modern nations are raised so far above those poor Old World creatures, the Greeks and Romans and mediæval Italians, has not so far controlled factional passion that many countries do not live in a perpetual civil war which Athens and Corinth would have been ashamed of. We all know how our dear sister republics of Central and Southern America, which, as Mr. Webster said, looked to the great Northern Light in forming their constitutions, treat their elections as merely indications which of two parties shall be set up to be knocked down by rifles and bombshells unless it retains its hold by such means. But how with ourselves? How with England? How with France? How often do we regard our elected governors as really standing for the whole nation and deserving its allegiance?

In 1846 the President of the United States and his counselors hurried us into a needless, a bullying, a wicked war. Fully a quarter of the country felt it was an outrage, and nothing else. But appeals were made to stand by the government, against which our own merciless satirist directed the lines which must have forever tingled in the ears and conscience of the men who supported what they knew was irretrievably wicked:

“The side of our country must allus be took,  
And President Polk, you know, he is our country;  
And the angel who writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the debit to him and to us the percountry.”

No, brethren, no president, no prime minister, no cabinet, no congress or parliament, no deftly organized representative or executive body, is or can be our country. To pay them a patriot's affectionate allegiance is as illogical as loyalty to James II or to the French National Convention. Mere obedience to law, when duly enacted, is one thing: Socrates may drink the hemlock rather than run away from the doom to which a court of his native city has consigned him; but, when the tribunals of that country perpetrated such mockery of justice, Plato and Xenophon were right in cherishing to their dying day a poignant sense of outrage, an implacable grudge, against such a stepmother as blood-stained Athens.

But sometimes the voice of the whole people speaks unmistakably: its ruler is the true agent and representative of a united and determined people. The will of the nation is unquestioned. Who are you, who am I, that we should dispute it, and think ourselves wiser and better than all our countrymen? Is not the whole nation the mother, whom to disobey is the highest sin? No, the particular set of men who make up the nation at any time will die and pass away, and what will their sons think of what they made their country do?

In 1854 the Emperor Nicholas, whose thoughts were never far from Constantinople, picked an unintelligible

quarrel with the Sultan of Turkey. The unprincipled adventurer, who contrived to add new stains to the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, saw his chance to win glory for the Gallic eagle. He plunged into war, and entrapped England into it with him. The wise old statesman who was at the head of the English government knew the war was needless and wrong. He did his utmost to stop it; but his countrymen preferred to listen to the reckless Palmerston, and they lashed first themselves and then Aberdeen into war. The whole nation went mad. John Bright told them the philosophic, the political, the Christian truth; and Palmerston insulted him on the floor of the House of Commons. Two years were consumed in the costly and pestilential siege of Sebastopol. A hollow peace was patched up, of which the only significant article was, after a short interval, impudently broken by Russia; the unspeakable Turk was given another thirty years' lease of life. And now I do not believe there is one grown man in England among the sons and grandsons of those who fought the Crimean War who does not believe Aberdeen and Bright were right, that Palmerston and England were wrong, and that the war was a national blunder, a national sin, a national crime. When John Bright stood almost against the whole nation, he was neither self-conceited nor unpatriotic, but a great and good man speaking as the prophet of God.

Yes, a whole people may be wrong, and deserve, at best, the pity of a real patriot rather than his active love. Our country is something more than the single procession which passes across its borders in one generation; it means the land with all its people in all their periods: the ancestors whose exertions made us what we are, and whose memory is precious to us; the posterity to whom we are to transmit what we prize, unstained, as we received it. And he who loves his country truly and serves her rightly must act and speak, not for the present generation alone, but for all that rightly live, every event in whose history is inseparable from every other. If we pray, as does the seal of Boston, that "God will be to us as he was to the fathers," then we must be to God what our fathers were.

But, after philosophy has forced the vociferous patriot to define what he means by his country, she has a yet more searching question to ask: What will you do and what will you suffer for this country you love? How shall your love be shown? There is one of the old Greek maxims which says in four words of that divine language what a modern tongue can scarcely stammer in four times four: "Sparta is thine allotted home; make her a home of order and beauty." Whatever our country needs to make her perfect, that she calls on us to do. I have run over to you some of the great sacrifices and great exertions which patriots have made to make their dear home perfect, and themselves perfect for her sake. But everything done or renounced to make her perfect must recognize that she is not perfect yet; and what our country chiefly calls on us for is not mighty exertions and sacrifices, but those particular ones, small or great, which shall do her real good, and not harm. That her commerce should whiten every sea; that her soil should yield freely vegetable and mineral wealth; that she should be dotted with peaceful homes, the abode of virtue and love; that her cities should be adorned with all that is glorious in art; that famine and poverty and plague and crime

should be fought with all the united energy of head and hand and heart; that historians and poets and orators should continue to make her high achievements and mighty aims known to all her children and to the world; that the oppressed of every land may find a refuge within her borders; that she may stand before her sister nations indeed a sister, loved and honored, — these are the commonplaces, tedious, if noble to recount, of what patriotism has sought to do in many ages. Yet in every one of these things, when actually achieved, there has often been a worm at the core of the showy fruit, which has made their mighty authors but little better than magnificent traitors.

For every one of these has often been achieved at the expense of other nations as ancient, as glorious, as dear to their own children, as worthy of patriotic love as their triumphant antagonist; and every one has been achieved at the still worse price of corruption and tyranny at home. Every country has in times mistaken material for moral wealth and has grown corrupt as she grew great; and every country in time has fancied that she could not be great and honored while her sisters were great and honored too, and has gone to war with them, hoping to enlarge her borders at their expense and to gain by their loss. It is here, again, at this very point that the philosopher calls upon the patriot to say what he means by his cry, "Our country, right or wrong," the maxim of one who threw away an illustrious life in that worst of wicked encounters, a duel. If there are such words as right and wrong, and those words stand for eternal realities, why shall not a nation, why shall not her loving sons, be made to bow to the same law, — the utterance of God and history in the heart? Can a king, can a president, can a congress, can a whole nation, by its pride or its passions, turn wrong into right, or what authority have they to trifle or shuffle with either?

We are told that if we ever find ourselves at war with another country, no matter how that war was brought on, no matter what folly or wickedness broke the peace, no matter how completely we might oppose and deprecate it up to the moment of its outbreak, no matter how as truthful historians we may condemn it after it is over, no matter how iniquitous or tyrannical our sense and our conscience tell us are the terms on which peace has been obtained, we ought, during the war, to be heartily and avowedly for it. "We must not desert the flag." Patriotism demands that we should always stand by our country as against any other.

And what are the patriots in our rival country to be doing the while? Are they to support the war against us, whether they think it right or wrong? Are they cheerfully to pay all taxes? Are they to volunteer for every battle? Are they to carry on war to the knife or the last ditch? Is their love for their country to be as unreasoning, as purely a matter of emotion, as ours? Certainly, if the doctrine of indiscriminate patriotism, "Our country, right or wrong," is the true one. If France and Germany fight, no matter what the cause, every Frenchman must desire to see Germany humiliated, and every German to see France brought to her knees; and it is absolutely their duty to have all cognizance of right and wrong swallowed up in passionate loyalty. Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Bright were right in deprecating the Crimean War up to the moment of its declaration: history says they were right now; but while the

war lasted, it was their duty to sacrifice their sense of right to help the government aims. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were right in pouring out their most scathing eloquence against the Mexican War; General Grant was right in recording in his memoirs that he believed it unjust and unnecessary: yet Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay only fulfilled patriotic duty in sending their sons to die, one by the sword and one by the fever, in the same army where Grant did his duty by fighting against his conception of right.

Brethren, I call this sentimental nonsense. It cannot be patriotic duty to say, up to 1846, that our country will be wrong if she fights, to say after 1849 that she was wrong in fighting, but to hold one's tongue and maintain her so-called cause in 1847 and 1848, though we know it is wrong all along. And observe, these patriots make no distinction between wars offensive and defensive, wars for aggression and conquest and wars for national existence. In any war, in all wars in which our country gets engaged, we must support her: her honor demands that we shall not back out.

O Honor! that terrible word, the very opposite of duty, — unknown in that sense to the soldiers, the statesmen, the patriots of Greece and Rome! Honor, the invention of the Gothic barbarians, which, more than any other one thing, has reduced poor Spain to her present low estate! There was a time when individual men talked about their honor, and stood up to be stabbed and shot at, whether right or wrong, to vindicate it. That infernal fiction, the honor of the duel, was on the point, sixty years ago, of drawing Macaulay into the field in defense of a few sarcastic paragraphs in a review, which, he admitted himself, were not to be justified. It was very shortly after that that Prince Albert came to England, with his earnest, simple, modest character. He used all his influence to stop the practice and the very idea of dueling. And now all England recognizes that any and every duel is a sin, a crime, and a folly, and that the code of honor has no defense before God or man. When shall the day come when the nations feel the same about public war? When shall the words of our own poet find their true and deserved acceptance, not as poetical rhapsody, but as practical truth? —

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

“The warrior's name should be a name abhorred;  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead  
Should bear forevermore the curse of Cain.”

Brethren, if there is anything of which philosophy must say it is wrong, that thing is war. I do not mean any particular school of philosophy, ancient or modern. But I mean, if any one studies the nature of God and man in the light of history, with a view to draw from that study rules of sound thought and maxims of right action, he must say war is wrong, an antiquated, blundering, criminal means of solving a national doubt by accepting the certainty of misery. I began my address with Cicero's definition of patriotism. I now recall to you his sentence wrung from the heart of a man who had blazoned with his eloquence the fame of many great soldiers, and was not even himself without a spark of military am-

bition, when he found his fellow-citizens bent on war which must be fatal and could not be glorious: *Quid ego praetermisi aut monitorum aut querelarum, cum vel iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello anteferebam?* “What did I omit in the way of warning and wailing, preferring as I did the most unfair peace to the justest war?” Granting — as I do not — that war is sometimes necessary, so cutting off a man's leg or extirpating an organ may be necessary; but it is always a horrible thing all the same. And just as the conservative surgery of our age is at work day and night to avoid these destructive operations, so the statesmanship of the day ought to be at work, not specifically to secure arbitration, as if that was anything more than a possible method, but to stop war, as an eternal shame. And granting war is sometimes necessary, if it is ever engaged in for any cause less than necessary, it is wrong; and the country is wrong that engages in it. A doubtful war, a war about which opinions are divided, is for that very reason not doubtfully evil; and the country that makes it is wrong. Yes, brethren, a nation may be in the wrong: in every war one nation must be in the wrong, and generally both are; and if any country, yours or mine, is in the wrong, it is our duty as patriots to say so, and not support the country we love in a wrong, because our countrymen have involved her in it. In the war of our Revolution, when Lord North had the king and virtually the country with him, Fox lamented that Howe had won the battle of Long Island, and wished he had lost it. What! an Englishman wish an English army to be defeated? Yes, because England was wrong; and Fox knew it and said so.

But there is a theory lately started, or rather an old one revived, that war is a good thing in itself; that it does a nation good to be fighting and killing the patriot sons of another nation, who love their country as we do ours. We are told that every strenuous man's life is a battle of some kind, and that the virile character demands some physical belligerency. Yes, every man's life must be to a great extent a fight; but this preposterous doctrine would make every man a prize-fighter.

They say war elicits acts of heroism and self-sacrifice that the country does not know in the lethargy of peace. Heroism and self-sacrifice! There are more heroic and sacrificial acts going on in the works of peace every day than the brazen throat of war could proclaim in a twelvemonth. The track of every practising physician is marked by heroic disregard of life that Napoleon's Old Guard might envy. Every fire like that of Chicago, every flood like that of Johnstown, every plague and famine like that of India, are fields carpeted with the flowers of heroic self-sacrifice: they spring up from the very graves and ashes. And these flowers do not have grow up beside them the poisoned weeds of self-seeking or corruption, which are sure to precede, to attend, to follow every war. The dove of peace that brings the leaves of healing does not have trooping at her wings the vultures that treat their living soldiers like carrion. When Lucan has run throughout the catalogue of the national miseries that followed the quarrel of Cæsar and Pompey, he winds them all up in the terrible words, *multis utile bellum*, — “war profitable to many men.”

There is now much questioning of the propriety of capital punishment. It is strongly urged that the state has no right to take the life even of a hardened criminal,



whose career has shown no trace of humanity or usefulness, and has put the capstone of murder on every other crime. And yet we are told it is perfectly right to take a young man of the highest promise, a blessing to all who knew him, the very man to live for his country, and send him to be cut down by a bullet or by dysentery in a cause he cannot approve.

But there is a still newer theory come up about war as applied to ourselves. It seems that we share with a very few other people in the world a civilization so high and institutions so divine that it is our duty and our destiny to go about the globe swallowing up inferior peoples, and bestowing on them, whether they will or not, the blessings of the American — Constitution? Well, no! Not of the American Constitution, but of the American dominion — and that, when we are once started on this work of absorption, they are rebels who do not accept these blessings. Now, if this precious doctrine be true, it utterly annihilates the old notion of patriotism and love of country; for that notion called upon every nation, however small or weak or backward, to maintain to the death its independence against any other, however great or strong or progressive. According to this Mohammedan doctrine, this "death or the Koran" doctrine, the Finns and the Poles are not patriots because they object to being absorbed by Russia, and the Hamburgers were rebels for not accepting the beneficent incorporation into France graciously proffered to them by Marshal Davoust.

But I will not enlarge upon this delicate subject of modern Americanism. It is bad enough for the nations we threaten to absorb. It is worse for us, the absorbers. I will ask you to remember what befell a noble nation which took up the work of benevolently absorbing the world.

When Xerxes had been driven back in tears to Persia, his rout released scores of Greek islands and cities in the loveliest of lands and seas and inhabited by the brightest and wisest of men. There is nothing in art or literature or science or government that did not take its rise from them. Their tyrant gone, they looked round for a protector. They saw that Athens was mighty on the sea, and they heard that she was just and generous to all who sought her citadel. And they put themselves, their ships and treasure, in the power of Athens, to use them as she would for the common defense. And the league was scarcely formed, the Persian was but just crushed, when the islands began to find that protection meant subjection. They could not bear to think that they had only changed masters, even if Aristides himself assigned their tribute; and some revolted. The rebellion was put down; Athens went on expanding; she made her subject islands give money instead of ships, she transferred the treasury to her own citadel, she spent the money of her allies in those marvelous adornments that have made her the crown of beauty for the world forever. Wider and wider did the empire of the Athenian democracy extend. Five armies fought her battles in a single year in five lands; Persia and Egypt, as well as Sparta, feeling the valor of her soldiers. And the heart of Athens got drunk with glory, and the brain of Athens got crazed with power, and the roar of her boasting rose up to heaven joined with the wail of her deceived and trampled subjects. And one by one they

turned and fell from her and joined their arms to her rival, who promised them independence; and every fond and mad endeavor to retain her empire only sucked her deeper into the eddy of ruin, till at length she was brought to her knees before her rival, and her victorious fleet and her impregnable walls were destroyed with the cry that now began the freedom of Greece.

It was only the beginning of new slavery. Enslaved by the faithless Sparta, who sold half the cities back to Persia, patching up once more a hollow alliance with Athens; enslaved by Macedonia, enslaved by Rome, enslaved by the Turks, — poor Greece holds at last what she calls her independence under the protection of the great civilizing nations, who let her live because they cannot agree how to cut up her carcass if they slay her.

Brethren, even as Athens began by protection and passed into tyranny, and then into ruin, so shall every nation be who interprets patriotism to mean that it is the only nation in the world, and that every other that stands in the way of what it chooses to call destiny must be crushed. Love your country, honor her, live for her, — if necessary, die for her; but remember that whatever you would call right or wrong in another country is right and wrong for her and for you, that right and truth and love to man and allegiance to God are above all patriotism, and that every citizen who sustains his country in her sins is responsible to humanity, to history, to philosophy and to Him to whom all nations are as a drop in the bucket and the small dust on the balance.

## Peace Society of the City of New York.

### Luncheon at the Plaza Hotel.

BY WILLIAM H. SHORT, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY.

The luncheon at the Plaza on the 15th of January was well attended. Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster was unfortunately prevented from fulfilling his engagement by an attack of influenza, but sent his address. Mr. Carnegie was still confined to the house from the effects of his fall in Central Park, and Mr. Horace White, a former editor of the *New York Evening Post*, presided in his place. Addresses were made by Hon. Theodore E. Burton, United States Senator from Ohio, Prof. John B. Clark of the Economic Department of Columbia University, Mr. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Marcus M. Marks and Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead. We give below extracts from the several addresses:

HON. THEODORE E. BURTON: I congratulate the Peace Society of New York upon the work which it has already done, and upon its plans for the future. I especially approve of the campaign of education which you are now devising and have under way.

The first point on which I wish to lay stress is that a country, the same as an individual, has a mission to perform. In this connection I wish to point out that the United States should take the lead in the great movement for peace, and for the prevention of the intolerable burdens of naval and military armaments. Now what are the advantages which belong to the United States in the cause of peace? First, our magnificent isolation, paradoxical as it may seem. Our detached situation renders us free from the jealousies and rivalries which